

REPORTS AND PAPERS ON THE CROTON WATER WORKS.—We particularly request all our friends and enemies to send us all or any reports, papers, documents, &c. &c., made, drawn up, or presented to, or by, the Common Council, Water Commissioners, &c. &c. relative to the supplying of New York with pure and wholesome water, by the Croton River, or any other method. That is, all papers, &c., that were published between the year 1830, and the first of January, 1837. We beg one and all, who have such documents, to send, lend, or give them to us.

WANTED TO BORROW.—A report relative to the Croton Water Works, presented by Alderman Palmer to the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 12, 1833. It was numbered Document 36. Any one having such a document will oblige us by leaving it at this office.

See our outside for a continuation of our important and interesting articles on Ancient and Modern Aqueducts.

Mr. Bennett's Letters.—No. 9. SARATOGA SPRINGS, Aug. 15th, 1839. For several days past we have had a continual scene of gaiety, fashion, flirtation, intrigue, dinners, caucuses, and every species of amusement, physis and folly. Yesterday it rained throughout the day; but the sun rose today in unclouded majesty, and the Congress Fountain was full of visitors at an early hour. Yesterday his Democratic Majesty, Martin Van Buren, returned from Troy with his locofoco suite; and today his Aristocratic Majesty, Henry Clay, dined with the ex-members, or "alumni" of Congress, at Vanderleece's Hotel, at Saratoga Lake. Yesterday, also, General Scott took his departure for New York, Trenton Camp, Washington, Florida, or any where that the present men in power may want him to get them out of a difficulty. Yesterday, also, was a great day in Saratoga; for on that day took place the grand conjunction of all the big lights of the nation in the drawing room of the United States Hotel.

In the dining room of the Hotel there are two tables of chairs; at the one in front sits the President at the head, surrounded by several Princes of the blood. At this table yesterday sat General Scott, Mr. Clay, General Talmadge, Senator Talmadge, Phillip Hone, Joseph Gales, Willis Hall, Peter Parley, whom, by the by, I take to be one of the most distinguished men among these dignitaries, and whose principles and works will be known and remembered long after these great men have been numbered with the dead. This table also comprises an astonishing quantity of female beauty and talent. At the foot of the table I sit myself, vis-a-vis to his Highness, and in a position to keep one eye upon the movements of Mr. Clay, and another eye on the movements of Mr. Van Buren, instinct taking care of General Scott and his fortunes at the same time. This was the first time that all the great men sat down to the same table together at Saratoga, and every eye was fixed upon their movements towards each other. At a fitting time the President sent his wine to Mr. Clay, with his compliments to drink with him. The same interchange of civilities also took place among the other great men.

At the proper time Mr. Clay rose from the table, and conducted a lady to the drawing room. He was soon followed by a crowd of politicians and female beauty. In a few seconds his Highness rose, and also took his devious path to the drawing room. I had resolved to remain at table until I saw his Democratic Majesty move; but what direction he took to reach the drawing room, I have not been able to ascertain. Now and then he takes a straight forward course, but most generally it is almost impossible to follow him for an hour without excessive fatigue and anxiety.

In the drawing room, after dinner, the first meeting of Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Clay and General Scott took place. The approach of Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Clay towards each other was the most interesting I ever witnessed. Did you ever see two game cocks holding out their necks, and gazing into each other's eyes, each trying to catch the other unawares? From behind a battery of beautiful petticoats, Mr. Van Buren beheld the tall figure, and hard, unchivalled face of Mr. Clay, approaching. He dodged, for a moment, behind a beautiful woman, and took an angular course to get to windward of his antagonist. Mr. Clay first observed his rival at the distance of seven women and a half, looking over their heads, and round the edges of their rosy cheeks. As soon as he saw him, he straightened up full two inches, on a perpendicular line with the horizon—a few flashes of lightning came from his eye, besides a smirk extending along his rugged cheek. At a short distance beyond one of the centre tables, stood General Scott, like a lion looking over a prairie of heads towards the fox and the wolf approaching each other in a devious path, the lion measuring in his mind whether it might be worth his while to eat them both up for his supper now, or to wait till they get a little fatter, and then to salt them down for a dinner.

Every eye in the grand drawing room was thus fixed upon the approach of these great men—or great humbugs—either, as you please—towards each other. "Mr. President," said Mr. Clay, as he came within a petticoat and a half of Mr. Van Buren—we measure distances by petticoats here—"Mr. President," said Mr. Clay, "how do you do?"—"I thank you, Mr. Clay—I am happy to see you—how is your health?—I hope I don't obstruct your progress," said his Majesty, with a smirk, perceiving the promenade blocked up by the crowd of ladies getting around them. "Not at all," replied Mr. Clay. "I have found the utmost facility in my progress since I entered your dominions."

They passed and re-passed, exhibiting the utmost cordiality and civility towards each other, which would make the rabid partisans in New York die with chagrin, could they have seen it as those did who promenade on that occasion.

For half an hour the three luminaries—Van Buren, Clay, and Scott continued their promenade—Gen. Scott entirely out-stripping both in the dignity of his person and manners—the fine military grace of his movements—and his engaging mode of conversation. Mr. Van Buren is in his element with old dowagers, old maids, old democrats, or old fools. Mr. Clay is most at home among a group of young, headlong, "half-fellow well-met," politicians. His conversation is very fresh, witty, and sometimes eloquent—but his manner and air are coarse, rough hewn, and uncultivated. General Scott has more grace and courtesy than either—but it is a mainly military grace which pleases and impresses at the same moment. Mr. Van Buren has no conversation—he has a little tattle for old women and little girls, but he is an utter stranger to genius, knowledge, originality, or eloquence in the higher order of conversation in intellectual society. His nature is too cold for wit, or fancy, or humor—and all his knowledge and taste for science are confined to locofoco politics. Mr. Clay has a great deal of wit, humor, and fancy—but he wants delicacy, fine taste, and exquisite finish. Gen. Scott seems to possess all these qualities of the mind and manners—mixed in such due proportions as peculiarly to fit him to command men, and to shine in general society.

In the afternoon General Scott departed for New York—the field is now left entirely to Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Clay—and they will probably remain for several days to come. The campaign for the next fall election is now preparing by both parties. For the first time since the organization of the government, we now see the two great candidates for the Presidency taking the stump, and making electioneering progress through the state of New York. It is humiliating to see such a system of degeneracy from the dignity of former times—but as Mr. Van Buren was the first to disgrace the office of President by descending to it, poetical justice seems to demand that Mr. Clay should at last try whether he cannot disgrace himself to a deeper extent than even Mr. Van Buren—and from present circumstances I think it is probable that in point of folly and nonsense, Mr. Clay and the whigs will come out far ahead of Mr. Van Buren and the locofocos.

Last night we had a hop at the United States. Mr. Van Buren attended—but Mr. Clay was advertised for a concert at the Pavilion, and was therefore not visible.

The caricature, representing the scene between Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Van Buren, has been shown around the rooms to our great amusement. But Mr. Van Buren is not the only one who has been cut by that talented and original lady of the old school. She has perpetrated a better hit upon Colonel Thorne of Paris. "So you are coming to France," said the Colonel to the lady one day—"I am happy to hear it. You will be received with marked distinction in France. The name you bear, Mrs. C., will be a passport and guarantee for that reception." Mrs. C. drew herself up to her highest height—"Colonel Thorne," said she, "you are mistaken—I am not going to France—I am going to England, where these distinctions are not so cheaply purchased as in France." "What did you think of that scene?" asked a friend of Colonel Thorne's the next day. "Oh! don't mention it," said the Colonel—"I am in the category of the President—but I'm not, I shall never remember that scene without thinking of tartar." Another anecdote—"Mrs. C." said a gentleman, "I learn that a large concourse of people attended the reception of Mr. Van Buren in New York." "Yes," said she—"but a crowd twice as large would have attended to see him well hanged." "Ha! ha! ha!" said the gentleman—"ha! ha! ha!" say I—"ha! ha! ha!" say you—and so pass it through the Union—"ha! ha! ha!" from St. Croix to the Sabine. Large business on a small capital.

THE GREAT MEETING OF SHIP OWNERS AND MASTERS. MR. TRIST TO BE RECALLED.—An adjourned meeting of ship owners, ship masters and others was held last evening at the Second Ward Hotel. The rooms were crowded to excess and the greatest unanimity prevailed. Captains Munroe, S. E. Glover, Clark and Rosseter, and Mr. B. H. Norton and several other gentlemen addressed the meeting in a very feeling and eloquent manner. Captain Munroe stated that he had followed the seas for twenty two years, and had never before heard of such treatment to a ship master as that showered down upon Captain Wendell by Mr. Trist. He said that Mr. Trist had transcended his power and should be removed instantly.

Captain Glover remarked that Mr. Trist was very much like the half civilized Indian who had been appointed a Judge in the western country. When asked how he should dispose of a case then before him, he said, "I'll whip 'em—then I'll whip plaintiff, and I'll whip witnesses—they will then trouble me no more." This, said Captain Glover, is precisely the position of Consul Trist. He imprisons Captains—he imprisons Masters, and he imprisons the Sailors, for then they will never again complain to him.

Captain Clark stated that he did not believe Mr. Trist was in Havana. He never saw him, and could never find him. Early in July he was wrecked near Havana, and his case required the advice of an American Consul, and he remained five days, and during that time Mr. Trist was absent, and Captain Clark was compelled to leave for New York, which he did in the ship St. Thomas, without seeing him. Had such a man a right to hold such a responsible station? Certainly not.

The letters which had passed between Mr. Trist, Captain Wendell and Mrs. Wendell, were read, and exhibited a total want of feeling and justice on the part of the Consul. Some of them will be published.

The annexed resolutions were read by Captain Glover, and unanimously adopted, and also the subjoined letter to President Van Buren:—

Resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be presented to Commander Edward B. Babitt, of the U. S. ship of war Boston, through whose intervention Captain Wendell was released from his dungeon and restored to his distressed family.

Resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be transmitted to Señor Francisco Xava de Arlo, of Havana, for his kind attention to Capt. Wendell while in prison; also for his noble generosity in relieving Capt. Wendell's distressed family in this city. Resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be presented to Ferdinand Clark, Esq., and others, of Havana for their kind and unflinching attention to our countrymen who were suffering in prison from the malicious influence or neglect of N. P. Trist, United States Consul.

NEW YORK, August 14th, 1839.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY MARTIN VAN BUREN, President of the United States. At a numerous meeting of ship masters, and ship owners, convened in this city on the evenings of the 8th and 14th inst., the undersigned (ship masters) were unanimously appointed as a committee, and were there instructed to confer with the proper authorities in reference to the recall of N. P. Trist, United States Consul at Havana, in the island of Cuba. In the performance of this sacred duty the undersigned (mariners) beg leave very respectfully to present to the consideration of the President, the record of the proceedings of the said meetings, which they herewith enclose.

The undersigned have full faith that it will receive immediate consideration, as it emanates from those whose profession, especially when abroad, feel a pride in defending and supporting the rights of their citizens and the chief magistrate of their country.

With the greatest respect, we subscribe our names, EDWARD ROSSETER, President. HENRY RUSSELL, J. HILLMAN, GEORGE MOORE, Vice Presidents. S. E. Glover, &c., Secretaries.

If Mr. Van Buren does not see fit to remove Mr. Trist from the complaints that have already been made known to him, a memorial will be despatched to congress the instant it convenes. It is already drawn up, and was read to the meeting last evening. Over five hundred signatures were attached to it before the meeting broke up, and copies will be forwarded to Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Subscription papers will also be circulated to aid Captain Wendell to carry the affair before congress, if necessary. Captains J. Hillman, Russell, Randall, Martin and Munroe, Mr. B. H. Norton and Col. Martin have been constituted the subscription committee.

"One who knows," did not make his appearance. He was repeatedly called for, and if present was ashamed to show himself. No wonder.

THE STEAMER LIVERPOOL has now been at sea fourteen days. She will probably arrive today or tomorrow. She will bring us intelligence from Turkey of some importance—perhaps the decapitation of Mr. Rhodes, the American ship builder, for breaking his big pipe over the head of Mustapha Bey, the Grand Secretary of the Sultan's navy. Mr. R. builds all the Sultan's ships, and it may be that Mustapha Bey is of less consequence to him at this critical time than Mr. Rhodes.

The British Queen and Great Western were again seen on the 4th instant four hours apart—the latter ahead.

THE FLORIDA WAR.—This war comes over our vision like the unwelcome visitings of an evil genius. Twenty millions of money expended, and how, and for what? Let the favorite owners of steamboats say, let the minions of executive power answer; and if they answer truly, we venture to say that a more thriftless and useless expenditure was never made by any government under heaven. What objects have been effected? The executive has vented his spleen first upon General Clinch, and next against General Scott. The jealousies entertained by the commanding officers against each other, and all of them against the militia, have occasioned courts martial, correspondence, and slang enough to satisfy any "corps diplomatique" on earth, and if we were inclined to be funny, we think we might indulge ourselves at the expense of General Macomb.

But we must view this war in the same aspect in which we have viewed it from the beginning—as a war forced upon tactics, and with a "materiel" utterly incompetent to the object. The brave officers and men of the regular army will not misapprehend us, when we say that the woodenmen of the southern states are the men who ought to have been employed in this war—we say of the southern states, because they are inured to the climate. Such men as those who scoured the great and impenetrable Okefinoke Swamp, are capable of scouring the Everglades, and did the general government but sanction it, the deepest swamps in Florida would soon "bristle" with their rifles. Of such men there are enough, and even a superabundance. The eyes of the south are fixed on the general government, and it is better late than never for it to adopt the only course that is left for it to bring the war to a speedy and successful termination. For our own part, if we had the ear of the President, we would press upon him, by every consideration, the expediency, the necessity, the urgency of employing a body of volunteers who are capable, and willing, and ready to to close the war.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.—The election for Chief and Assistant Engineers closed last night at 12 o'clock, and resulted in the election of whig officers by a large majority.

At 11 o'clock there were two Companies to hear from, and then Anderson's majority was 320. The numbers for Assistants varied a little, owing to split tickets; but they would not fall below 300 in any one instance. The locofocos in the Common Council must knuckle down this time.

ACCIDENT TO THE STEAMER NARRAGANSETT.—This steamer, while on her way from Providence to New York, on Tuesday night, met with a serious disaster. One of her flanges gave way, and a large quantity of hot water poured out of the boiler and down into the berths beneath, severely scalding six persons, named Bigelow Coffin, Henry Beal, and Lathrop Weight, of Boston, J. N. Taylor, of this city, E. N. Stratton, of Baltimore, and Benjamin Francis, a colored waiter. Those wounded are doing well, and will probably soon recover. Mr. Coffin had his flesh laid bare from his breast to his feet.

The steamer will be immediately repaired and placed on the line, and then we hope she and all the other steam vessels in this vicinity will be examined according to the act of Congress authorizing the same. The owners of steamboats are compelled by law to pay to the inspectors \$20 per annum to have their vessels overhauled, and the money should not be thrown away. Neither Captain Childs nor any of his officers, with the exception of the engineer, are to blame—it was the fault of the government inspectors.

TENNESSEE ELECTION.—According to the intelligence received yesterday, Polk is ahead of Cannon nearly 5000 votes. As far as heard from, there are five locofocos and five whig Congressmen elected. In the last Congress, the parties stood 10 whigs and 3 locofocos.

ALABAMA ELECTION.—For senator, Oliver, whig, is probably elected over Mays, locofoco. Baldwin and Hutchinson, also whig, are elected to the legislature from Montgomery. In Mobile, Dellet, the whig candidate for Congress, is ahead of Murphey. Two whigs have been returned to the legislature from that city.

INDIANA ELECTION.—Mr. Carr, locofoco, is elected to Congress from the third district. The returns from the fourth district place Smith, also locofoco, ahead of Dunn.

NORTH CAROLINA.—M. T. Hawkins, locofoco, is re-elected to Congress by a majority of four votes over Hilliard, also locofoco. Henderson, whig, is elected to Congress from Bencher's late district, and Montgomery, locofoco, is returned from Orange district.

37-Bullitt, one of the editors of the "New Orleans Bee," and Wagner, of the "Louisianian," recently fought a duel, before breakfast, with rifles.—Neither was a hit, and both went home hungry. How much good did it do them?

PERJURY.—A charge of this character was made last April by Mr. Collins, of Saugerties, against Mr. Wm. Serrell and Mr. F. P. Dimpfel, two of our most respectable adopted citizens, and some articles on the subject appeared in the journals of that month. On Saturday the 3d instant, the Grand Jury of the U. S. Circuit Court had the accusation under consideration, and did not find a bill, and the Court discharged the bail bond.

37-Texas is looking up. The tide of affairs has changed in the new Republic. A letter dated Galveston, July 27th, was received yesterday, which stated that a sub-treasurer had swartwounded and cleared the country for the United States. In Texas they now mark all sub-treasurers G. T. T. U. S. The amount he took with him is not yet known.

37-B. T. Archer, C. R. Jones and H. Bee, are appointed Commissioners of Texas to run the line between that country and Arkansas.

Wellerisms.

"This is a bad die-nasty," (dynasty,) as the man said when he was suffocated in the priory council chamber.

"A fine boss for us," (Bosphorus,) as the apprentices said when their master took them to Constantinople.

"We don't give you buckwheat cakes, for fear they will make you break out," as the humane jailer said to the prisoners when he brought them their bread and water.

"Better late than never," as the executioner said to the convict when the crowd detained him on his way to the gallows.

"None but a mother knows what it is to part with a child," as the woman of the town said when she drowned her baby in the river.

"I hope I may never sit from this spot," as the tree said when it saw the hurricane coming.

"I'll lay you an egg," as the hen said to the blackleg when she hadn't any thing else to fork down.

"This is a severe blow to me," as the child said to his mammy when she wiped his nose too hard.

NELSON'S—Bishop's benefit tonight—he has most ably directed the arrangements this season—he is a great favorite, gentlemanly and unassuming, and withal the best ballad singer in America. These are claims enough to a crowded saloon, but to make the matter better, he has the services of Browne and Barton in Robert Macaire, an announcement sufficient to crowd the garden, independently of the various other popular entertainments which are likewise to be offered to the public.

[Correspondence of the Herald.] NEWHAVEN, August 4th, 1889. DEAR SIR:—The excitement of the tornado being now past, the fears of the people being allayed, and the curiosity of those curious in such matters being satiated, happily all things are again restored to their former state and condition, save the houses, trees, fences and corn-fields upon which the tornado spent its rage, of which, together with its incidents, it is now my purpose to give you an account which shall be short and graphic as possible. Various accounts have gone the rounds through all of our papers here, most of which for the want of actual and accurate observation in the writers have been void of either interest or merit, and calculated rather as productions to murder time with than to enlighten the community in general—as these descriptions should be made particularly with reference to the benefit of those who live at a distance not possessed of the powers of ubiquity or clairvoyance, I hold it absolutely necessary in order to give a full and true statement of the matter, to relate by way of variety, interest and edification, the principal incidents and circumstances connected with the transaction.

On Wednesday the last day of July ult., we of the land of steady habits, on account of our sins, which of late have increased to a most alarming extent in this community, were visited by one of the ugliest customers in the shape of a tornado that ever was known or witnessed in this region before, which was rather more spiritual than temporal in its nature, for it showed a perfect disregard for all the objects of time and sense by destroying everything usually denominated personal property with which it came in contact; instead of hoarding up property, it smashed it to the ground; instead of collecting and preserving those valuables which were under its control, it completely, totally, and absolutely upset, destroyed and annihilated them.

The news having reached us about an hour after the arrival and departure of the unwelcome visitor referred to, Mr. and myself, together with many others, sallied forth to the suburbs of the city, the scene of desolation, to view it or rather its works. As it commenced about three miles from the city and extended more than seventeen miles in a north easterly direction, we found it impossible as well as impracticable to trace out its whole course that day, so we concluded to see what we could, reserving the rest for some future time. Having arrived at its path, the first we saw was a small frame house in fragments, and next the African Church, in low submission hugging its mother earth as closely and tenderly as a dog his lion he preyed, the building was new but not very substantial. As to the cause of its desolation it is a current rumor among the congregation that weekly assembled in it to hear the words of truth and soberness expounded and enlarged upon, that it is nothing more nor less than the vengeance of providence inflicted upon them in consequence of the looseness of character and immorality of a certain "black negro of color" who preached there once or twice not long previous to its downfall, at least that is the conclusion at which some of its most prominent members, after long and mature reflection and the loss of much of the natural covering of their heads, have at length arrived. From thence we went to a house wherein at the time of the blow were three women, one of whom was thrown into the cellar and another carried about four rods through the air, as the house went away, in the midst of timbers and all other kinds of missiles, none of whom I believe were seriously hurt—from thence by dint of broken chairs, crockery, shingles, boards and feathers, we traced our way to the next building, which was a very neat cottage about which every thing, shade and fruit trees, fences, out-buildings, &c., had been carried to the ground—the cottage with the loss of chimneys and windows being saved as it were by the interposition of a kind and merciful providence. The trees and buildings here were thrown about in the wildest profusion, and it seemed to have made a complete havoc of every thing except the dwelling, and that was partially covered with brick, branches of trees, &c. At this place many had already gathered; and as on all other occasions of like moment, there were many who either through a desire to obtain information, or prompted by their curiosity—many any Yankee curiosity, were led to enquire into the minutia of those things which each knew as well as the other, and that at the expense of the time and patience of the person enquired of.

Among the number present the most conspicuous was one of a peculiarly long and sober aspect, who by his manner, habit and dress, was at once taken for a theological student; he overflowing with the milk of human kindness, with a truly christian and sympathizing spirit, walked up to the owner of the premises, and began with him a conversation in the following manner:—"Sir, this is a very interesting scene." "Yes," replied he of the premises, "it is interesting to me." "Your loss must be very great sir." "Oh yes, very." "You were extremely fortunate that you and your family were saved." "Oh yes, there is a great deal of truth in what you say." And having asked questions and made assertions of similar import for nearly half an hour, he at length enquired, "Sir, in what one thing do you consider your greatest loss to consist?" To which the injured man, his patience being nearly wearied with his strange gravity, answered, "Oh well, I lost one item more than I wish it was; however, I rather think I lost more in my two pigs than you see they were very fine pigs of the Durham breed, and I had taken a great deal of pains with them, and had fed them so well that one had three quirs in his tail and the other just two and a half, and when this wind came it blew so hard that it straightened their tails straighter than ram-rods, and the consequence is that I have lost all my fine pork, on which for the last two months I have been feeding with the fond anticipation—never will be fit to cook again, and I can never by any means get their tails to quirk." "After which the necessary information having been obtained, as was supposed, the questions that for half an hour had been pouring forth with the volume and velocity of a mountain torrent, were suddenly stopped and the bystanders going some one way and some another, my friend and myself waited a short time longer to notice the damage done to the doves and hens, some of which were entirely stripped of their feathers and had their necks twisted off as handsomely as if it had been done by some pre-arranged manual operation—the locofoco trees in the garden were debased to the level of the onion, and the onions were hoed up and heaped as if by design. From thence we went in a direct course to the next house, where little other damage was done than the uprooting of some mighty and revered apple-trees—from thence, in a variation of about thirty rods from the average course, we found a small dwelling raised to the ground and the inmates searching after their effects; some of which, especially gowns, &c. were found in a condition much the worse for having been thus suddenly aired—from thence crossing the canal we proceeded to a tenement that had been unroofed and carried away from its foundation, leaving a heap of turf and a lot of bottles exposed to view. "Here!" here!" said my friend, "what black stuff is that?" pointing to the turf. I replied that I knew not, but that I was quite certain that it was something of which they manufactured beer, as there was a large quantity of bottles in the opposite corner. Being informed that it was turf, we filled our pockets with it to carry home on account of its novelty. We next proceeded to a barn that had been unroofed, and having examined it thoroughly, and the day being far spent, we returned to the city, having traced the course of the tornado for more than two miles, reserving the rest for the leisure of some future day, of which you may be long have a farther account; but until then

ADIEU.

Watering Places.

MANHASSET, July 31, 1839.

J. G. BENNETT, Esq.

I have frequent references in the papers to this, that and the other watering place, and charming retreat from the heat and bustle of the city to Rockaway, Coney Island, New Brighton, New Rochelle, Glen Cove, Oyster Bay, and various other delectable spots, where visitors will have nothing to do but enjoy themselves in eating, drinking, sleeping, driving, sailing, sporting, dancing, etc.—but have not seen a single allusion to this pleasant region, where I have taken up my abode for the summer, and find it combining as many, and in some respects, greater advantages than any place I have heretofore visited in the vicinity of New York.

The steamer Sun leaves here every morning at seven o'clock, and New York on her return at half past four in the afternoon, except on Tuesdays and Fridays, when the boat goes on pleasure excursions to the Sea Bass Banks, on which days she leaves here at five in the morning, and New York on her return at six P. M. This arrangement, you will perceive, gives those who have business or calls in the city, a good long day there, as the boat makes the passage generally in two hours and a half, making her stops at Great Neck, Throg's Point, White Stone, West Chester and College Point.

The general features of this part of Long Island are exceedingly attractive, it being indented by a succession of four deep bays or harbors between Hempstead and Hempstead harbor, penetrating from four to

six miles into the island, and forming bays or promontories of fertile and highly cultivated land, abounding in beautiful and varied scenery. The names of the harbors are Flushing Bay, Little Neck Bay, Manhasset Bay and Hempstead Harbor. At the head of Flushing Bay is the village of that name, where are the extensive Botanic Gardens of the Messrs. Prince, and in the vicinity are some of the finest private residences in the state. At the head of Manhasset Bay is the village of Manhasset—and at the head of Hempstead Harbor is the village named after that sheet of water. These places are connected together by a fine leading road which extends direct to Williamsburgh, and forms one of the most beautiful drives in the neighborhood of New York. The country is rolling, abounding in fine views, varied by the waters of the Sound, the harbors, extensive groves, will seats, finely cultivated farms, and charming residences. In this region in particular, where I now am, the sporting is very fine. The headlands and little jutting points in the harbor, in various directions, terminate in reefs of rock, at which fine black fish may be taken with the hook and line; and about midway the Sound, opposite the mouth of the harbor, is Hart Island, and some large isolated rocks and extensive reefs, where the finest sporting of this kind may be enjoyed.

At the head of Hempstead Harbor, among other interesting objects, is the highest point of the ridge or spine, as it is termed, of Long Island. From its summit, which is easy of ascent, may be seen, when the atmosphere is clear, a long strip of the ocean, Sandy Hook, the Highlands of the Neversink, the Palisades, and a most beautiful and varied landscape between, embracing the entrance into the Sound, the Strait beyond, Hempstead Harbor lying at your feet, and

Hills and dales, and woods and lawn, and spires, And glittering towns and gilded steeps, till all The stretching landscape into smoke drays."

Unfortunately there are but few places of accommodation here. Those to be found are very good; but the inhabitants generally being wealthy farmers, but few are disposed to give themselves any extra trouble in the way of accommodating boarders. The want of two or three good hotels is seriously felt, and it is to be hoped that this want will be supplied ere long, and that the magnificent hill at Hempstead Harbor will also have its Hill House, which is now all that is wanting to render this region decidedly the most attractive of any in the neighborhood of New York. Your obdt. serv't, W. M.

37-Captain J. M. Beebe, of the packet ship Mississippi, died in New Orleans on the 4th inst. of the yellow fever.

At Chambers.

Before Judge, Inglis.

Avo. 14.—Crim Con.—Arlin vs. McGowan.

Mr. Shaler, on the part of the defendant in this case, appeared before his honor to move for a reduction of the sum of \$3,500 to \$500, which was purely more equitable amount. The learned gentleman read affidavits from his client, and from two females, where the alleged faux pas was said to have been committed. The affidavit on the part of McGowan, denied in the most express and positive terms, that he ever had any criminal connection with the woman that Arlin called his wife. The deponent set forth that he solemnly averred before God and man, that he never was on a bed with that woman, and that he was not undressed, nor in the room more than five minutes before their conversation, which was purely innocent in its character, was interrupted by Arlin and his friend and confidant, Garland. This affidavit was supported by two others, made by a married and a single female residing in the house, named Agnes Farra and Christine Kennedy. These ladies swore that not more than ten minutes could have expired from the time that McGowan was let into the house by Mrs. Arlin, before Garland and Arlin followed him up stairs.

Mr. Hasket appeared to oppose the motion on the part of the plaintiff, and produced very full and ample affidavits, together with all the correspondence between McGowan and Mrs. Arlin, which the learned gentleman wished his honor to look into.

Arlin's affidavit, after relating the story of the interesting meeting, the letters, and the tracing of McGowan to the boudoir of Mrs. A. went on to state, that he, Arlin, believed it was McGowan's intention to elope with Mrs. Arlin, and to take with him two or three thousand dollars, which Mrs. A. knew her husband had by him at the time. The plaintiff swore, on the trial of the cause, he could show that he, McGowan, had written up his portable articles, and determined to abandon his wife and family in Philadelphia, in order to run away with Mrs. Arlin. He also offered to show that McGowan had made arrangements to go to Boston with the plaintiff's wife.

Garland's affidavits went to deny most positively the statement of the defendant, for Mr. G. swears that when he broke open the garret door, which Mrs. Arlin used for a bed room, that he, Garland, distinctly saw McGowan right on the top of Arlin's wife; that Mac had no coat on, and furthermore that they could be no mistake about Mac's intentions, for the lady's clothes were all up, rumpled about her body as high as her waist.

An affidavit was also produced from one Emerson, who swears distinctly that he watched McGowan enter the house, saw him kiss Mrs. Arlin in the front room on the second floor, and that in about five or ten minutes he distinctly saw him in the bed room in the upper story, taking off his coat.

After reading these and other documents, Mr. Hasket told his Honor that in his opinion McGowan ought to be arrested on a charge of perjury, and that he would submit such a motion as soon as the present was disposed of.

Mr. Shaler said that his learned friend had better go before the Grand Jury, and prefer a bill of indictment.

Judge Inglis said he should look into the matter, and give his opinion in a day or two.

General Sessions.

The Grand Jury brought in the following bills of indictment.

Against David Tafts for the murder of Andrew J. Remson. The Court directed the bill to be sent to the next session of the Court of Oyer and Terminer.

Against John Priggin, for manslaughter in the second degree.

Against William W. Kingsley, for forgery in the third degree.

Against George McGann, a mere boy, about 12 years old, but who said he was 18, for burglary in the second degree.

Against John Isaacs, for assault and battery, with intent to kill Richard Johnson.

There being no cases ready for trial, the Court adjourned.

Police Offices.

August 14.—Shameful, if not criminal negligence.

—On Tuesday night a pedestrian going along the Bowers, fell into the area of a new building at the corner of Tenth street, and had the misfortune to fracture one of his legs in a shocking manner. The poor man at first called loudly for assistance, but no one came, and in consequence of the extreme agony which he endured he fainted. No one, however, came to his relief, and in all probability he would have perished, if some boys who were at play on the building had not discovered his deplorable situation on Wednesday. Information was then brought to Justice Palmer at the Upper Police, who had the sufferer removed to the hospital.

Another attempt to kidnap a child.—A man whose name is said to be William Schriver, and who resides at 298 Madison street, was brought up, charged with running off with the infant child of Mr. Moira, who resides at No 3 Light street. The daughter of the complainant deposed that on Monday, herself and brother were dragging the infant in a cart round St. John's Park, when the accused came up, seized the child, and made off towards Beach street. She and her brother were of course alarmed, and called on the passengers to rescue the child. This was not effected without raising a great mob, Schriver holding on to the child, and telling the people not to interfere, because it would have to be settled in due course of law.

Schriver refused to give any explanation, and